The Court of Death.

A

Pindarique POEM,

Dedicated to the

MEMORY

OF

Her Moſt Sacred Majeſty,

Queen MARY.

Per audaces Nova Dithyrambos
Verba Devolvit, numeriſque fertur
Lege Solutis. Hor.

By Mr. *DENNIS.*

LONDON,
Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in
St. *Pauls* Church-yard, 1695.

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PREFACE.

THE following Verſes ſeem ſo bold in the deſign, and ſo much bolder in the execution, that tho I have made uſe of all the little Judgment I had to diſtinguiſh this boldneſs from ſuch horrible extravagancies as have been lately ſo falſly and unreaſonably laid to my charge, yet leſt ſome people ſhould conclude from a bare appearance that I have gone too far, it will not be amiſs to ſhew what the Ode and its Character is in general, what Pindar *and his manner was in particular, and how far it may be convenient to imitate him in our Age, and in our Language and Climate.* L'Ode (*ſays* Rapin) doit auoir autant de nobleſſe, d'elevation, & d'emportment, que l'eglogue a de ſimplicite, de pudeur, & de modeſtie. Ce n'eſt pas ſeulement par ſon Eſprit qu'elle eſt grande, c'eſt auſſi par ſa matiere. Car elle s'occupe a chanter les louanges des dieux, & a celebrer les actions les plus glorieuſes des hommes. Ainſi elle demande pour ſoutenir toute la Majeſte de ſon charactere, un naturel eleve, un eſprit grand, une imagination hardie, une expreſſion noble & eclatante mais pure & correcte. Tout ce que l'art a de vivacite par ſes figures, n'eſt pas ſuffiſant, pour eleuer l'Ode autant que demande ſon charactere. The Ode (*ſays* Rapin) ought to have as much greatneſs, elevation and violence, as the Eglogue is oblig'd to have modeſty, reſtraint and ſimplicity. It is not only great by the ſublimeneſs of its Spirit, but by the greatneſs of its Subjects. For it is made uſe of to ſing the praiſes of gods, and to celebrate the moſt glorious actions of men. So that it requires, to keep up all

that majesty that belongs to its character, a great wit, an exalted genius, a daring imagination, and at once a pure and a noble and sounding expression. All the vivacity that art can supply by its most glaring figures is hardly sufficient to exalt the Ode so much as its character requires. *Thus far goes* Rapin; *and we may conclude from the words of that famous Critic, that the Ode ought to have as much boldness, elevation and majesty, as Epic Poetry it self; but then it is certain that it ought to have more vehemence, more transport and more enthusiasm. The reason is evident. For the Design of the Ode (I mean upon great occasions) is, like that of Heroic Poetry, to move the Reader and cause in him admiration. Now by Heroic Poetry, the Readers mind is exalted gradually, with a more sedate and compos'd Majesty; but the Ode, by reason of the shortness of its compass, is oblig'd to fly into transport at first, and to make use immediately of all its fury, and its most violent efforts, or else it would want time to work its effect.*

Thus Virgil *begins his* Æneis *calmly and modestly, whereas the greatest thought in one of the noblest Odes of* Horace.

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient Ruinæ.

Which I have imitated in my eleventh Stanza is in his very first. Let us now consider the Character of Pindar, *which we may have from the same* Rapin, *and which will include the character too of his Writings.* Il est grand dans ses desseins, vaste dans ses pensees, hardy dans ses imaginations, heureux dans ses expressions, eloquent dans ses discours. He is great in his designs (says *Rapin*) vast in his Ideas, daring in his Images, happy in his expression, and eloquent in his discourse.

But here Rapin *falls short of his character, and leaves out some of his most considerable qualities, which may be supply'd from one divine Stanza which* Horace *has writ in his Praise.*

Monte

PREFACE.

Monte decurrens, velut amnis, imbres
Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas
Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

Which in Engliſh *Poetical paraphraſtick Proſe is thus.* As a ſtream that is lifted above its uſual banks by the influx of celeſtial waters, comes rowling headlong from ſome Mountains Top, ſo *Pindar* rais'd by influence divine, ev'n above his own exalted Genius; grows vehement, ſwells, and ferments with fury, then precipitately flows with a mighty ſound, and knows no bounds to his impetuous courſe.

The Reader will eaſily diſcern that here are ſome great qualities conſpicuous in Pindar, *which* Rapin *ſeems not to take notice of. Here is his vehemence, his impetuouſneſs, and the magnificent ſounds of his numbers; and here is another thing which is the reſult of the reſt, and that is ſomething dreadful, ſomething which terribly ſhakes us, at the very ſame time it tranſports us. There remains ſome other things which all the World has obſerv'd in* Pindar, *and that is, his affected digreſſions, his perpetual rambles, and his ſudden and unexpected returns. But 'tis now time to conſider how far he may be imitated in our Language and Climate. An* Engliſh *Writer may endeavour to imitate him in ſeveral of his greateſt qualities, by the Genius of our Nation, which is bold and ſublime, as Mr.* Waller *has obſerv'd. But then he ought to be diſcreet in his boldneſs; for our Language is not capable of ſome of the moſt violent figures of* Pindar; *and in aiming at two of his principal qualities, which are his Sublimity and his Magnificence, he ought carefully to avoid two things, and thoſe are Fuſtian and ſuperfluity of Epithetes. Now 'tis the eaſieſt thing in the World for a man to know whether he has avoided them, if he has but ſenſible Friends. Let him conſult them, and obſerve whether his Verſes ſtrike and warm them or not. Where*

they do warm them and ſtrike them, it may ſerve for an eternal rule, that there can be no Fuſtian, for a man of Senſe muſt have a very fantaſtick opinion of himſelf, if he thinks that the falſe Sublime can warm him. Fuſtian is to ſuch a one the coldeſt thing in the World. For I take it to proceed only from an Impotent effort of the mind to riſe, when it wants both warmth and force to take its flight with vigour. Now as Verſes that ſeem warm to a man of ſenſe can never contain any Fuſtian, ſo the ſame rule may ſerve for ſuperfluous Epithetes. For nothing makes Verſifying colder than a clog of ſuperfluous Epithetes. Epithetes are execrable, where they are not neceſſary, or at leaſt convenient. And they can never be neceſſary, but where they add to the Thought ſomething which ought to be added; and they can never be convenient, but where they give force to the Expreſſion, or grace or perſpicuity. Words are to Thought, what Fleſh is to the human Soul; now Fleſh encreaſing to ſuch a degree, imparts Comelineſs, and perhaps Majeſty; but ſwelling beyond it, it brings Deformity and Impotence, and becomes a clog to the Mind. And as in a Body where the Soul performs all its functions freely, there cannot be too much Fleſh, ſo in a work of the Mind, where there is a free Spirit, there cannot be too much Expreſſion. But to return to the buſineſs, from which I may be ſaid to have in ſome meaſure digreſs'd. As we ought not to imitate Pindar *in the boldneſs of ſome of his figures, ſo neither in the wildneſs of his frequent digreſſions; as Mr.* Cowley *has imitated him. For the* Engliſh *Reader, generally ſpeaking, not having half the degree of Fire which the* Grecians *had, nor Spirits ſo ſtrangely volatile, cannot immediately Sympathize with an Author in his ſudden and impetuous ſtarts from his ſubject; nor diſcern in a moment the almoſt imperceptible connexion between the Digreſſion and the principal matter. Experience is a proof of what I have ſaid. For the generality of Readers, nay even ſome who are Men of Wit, are declar'd Enemies to the* Olympick, *and the* Nemean *Ode of* Pindar, *which* Mr. Cowley *has ſo admirably made our own; and the reaſons which they give, are the length and*

wildneſs

wildneſs of the Digreſſions. But now ſince I have made mention of that great man, I beg leave to take notice of ſome other errors which he appears to have been guilty of in his imitations of Pindar. *The one is an affectation of pointed Wit: For all points in a ſerious ſubject are little, and cold, and weak, and wanton; whereas the Ode ought to be by its character, ſtrong, and warm, and grave, and great, and exalted. The ſecond is his want of Deſign in ſome of his Pindarick Odes. The third is the Neglect of his Style, which ſeems in ſeveral places not to have Pomp and Majeſty enough to anſwer the ſublimeneſs of* Pindar's *Genius. The fourth is the frequent looſing his Rhime, and the roughneſs of his Verſification. I have taken care to decline his errors as far as my little capacity would give me leave. And I thought my ſelf the more oblig'd to avoid his faults, becauſe I am very ſenſible, that I am far from having his excellencies which are his fire and his mighty Spirit. In the writing theſe Pindarick Verſes, I had ſtill* Milton *in my Eye, and was reſolv'd to imitate him as far as it could be done without receeding from* Pindar's *manner. They have ſeveral great qualities common to both, and among the reſt, vehemence, elevation, and a terrible Majeſty; qualities which are far above me, but the violent deſire I had to ſhew, how I honour the Memory of the great Queen that is gone, made me inſolently reſolve to aſpire to them. How I have ſucceeded I muſt leave to the Reader. I leave the following Verſes to his Juſtice. For every Writer ſooner or later will be ſure to have Juſtice done him. If theſe Verſes are of Heav'n, they will be ſure to ſtand, no Malice of Man can hurt or ſuppreſs them; but if they are human they will fall, no mortal aid can ſupport them.* Debemur morti nos noſtraque. *Of us and ours Death has the ſure reverſion: But Genius is a ſacred beam of Divinity reſpected by the grim Deſtroyer.*

POSTSCRIPT.

THE *Preface was writ in ſo great a Hurry, that I have omitted ſome things which I deſign'd to inſert. I had the*

the hint of the design from the sixth Book of Virgil, *which the knowing Readers will easily discern, and which I think my self oblig'd to own to the rest.*

A Young Gentleman who is my Friend, and whose Wit and Learning are very well known in the World, accus'd me, upon the reading these Verses, of too much description. I hope the accusation is groundless; for the wantonness of description is to be accounted at all times (and more especially in a grave way of writing) a most intolerable fault. But I desire the Reader to consider, that there is a great deal of difference between the describing of persons and places, and the describing of action. In a Poem where is any design, if I am not mistaken, there ought to be some action. Now where there is action, it ought always to go forward, and nothing ought to be much insisted on, which can put any considerable stop to that. For which reason all descriptions of persons and places which are any thing large, are extremely faulty in a Poem which has a design. Now the Reader will easily discern, that I have been very retentive in such descriptions. For I have given very little description of the Court of Death, and none at all of those who compose it. I have but barely nam'd them. Not only because those beings have been describ'd before (for poetical persons and places are general: whereas an action is still particular) but because it would have put a stop to the action. But describing of action is a different thing. For the action in some measure goes on by description, which is often necessary for the better representation of it. And indeed it is my opinion, that there can be no Poetry without such description that is without Painting. And I am very confident, that most of the beauteous places in Virgil *are nothing but action, clearly and vigorously describ'd. I have but one thing to add, and that is concerning the numbers. I am not satisfy'd with my choice of them; but I have taken all the care that I could, that they should be harmonious in their kind.*

The

The Court of Death.

A PINDARICK POEM.

I.

NO, 'twas no Dream, 'tis now too clear,
No Dream cou'd ever thus deceive,
Then let th' attentive World give ear,
And thou Poſterity believe.
I ſaw about the dead of Night,
I ſaw a Form divinely bright;
I did, by Earth and Heav'n I ſwear,
A Form beyond all mortal Beauty fair!

II.

As ſhe came on with Majeſty divine,
From her there flow'd immortal Light,
To guild the ſecret horrors of the Night,
And on ill Spirits and the damn'd with dreadful glory ſhine;
When ſtrait ſhe ſtruck her *Empyrean* Lyre,

And in a melting ſtrain,
Did with enchanting Harmony complain.
Silence was raviſh'd as ſhe ſung!
That Song might dead Indifference inſpire.
Firſt in my Breaſt a pleaſing Sorrow ſprung,
Then thro each Nerve there flew celeſtial fire;
Convulſive Tranſports did my Vitals tear,
Gods 'twas too much, too much for Man to bear!

III.

The Goddeſs with a melancholy ſmile,
A glance, that Fiends of Malice might beguile,
And to the damn'd might Pleaſure reconcile;
Thus the high meaning of her Meſſage broke,
And in *Ambroſial* accents ſpoke.
Behold O mortal I,
Ev'n I whom thou wert wont t' invoke;
One of the nobleſt Natives of the Sky,
A Daughter of great *Jove*'s eternal Line,
And not the meaneſt of th' immortal Nine,
Who *Flaccus* did with ſacred Rage inſpire,
Inſtructing him to riſe,
And fill'd fierce *Pindar* with reluctant fire,
Which the ſonorous Bird tranſported to the Skies,
I by Command divine deſcend to thee,
A Miſſionary Goddeſs, ſent by *Jove*'s ſupream Decree.

I. V.

Down, down I fell entranc'd before
The ſoveraign Beauty I adore.
The Goddeſs wav'd her Plectrum round,
And gently ſtruck the ſacred ground,
And cry'd my faithful Servant riſe;
With ſuch an efficacious ſound,
As Vigour to my Nerves reſtor'd, and Brightneſs to my Eyes.
I roſe, but ſtill amazement kept me dumb,
When ſhe went on: To thee I come,
In the deep ſilence of this ſtill retreat,
Remov'd from all that wretched men call great.
For that Majeſtick, Royal God,
Who ſhakes his whole Creation with a Nod,
Commanded me to leave the ſtarry Pole for thee,
As thou haſt left the Pomp of all the world for me.
Then take immortal Spirit to thy breaſt,
Drive from it ev'ry meaner gueſt,
For thou ſhalt ſing in wond'rous Rhime
Of things tranſcendently ſublime;
Shalt to the liſtning Globe relate,
What Gods determin in a dire Debate:
But firſt with me (ſo *Jove* commanded) go
To Death's moſt dreadful Court below,
And ſee the dark deſigns of Fate.

V.

The Goddeſs ſaid, and with a dreadful ſound
The trembling Earth dividing, gap'd around,
Then down by black degrees we went,
A horrible Deſcent!
At length we reach'd a vaſt infernal Room,
Where here and there a winking Lamp,
That ſeem'd expiring, ſtruggled with the Damp,
And to illuſtrate horror, glimmer'd thro the gloom.
Thither the Miniſters of Death by Fate,
Were ſummon'd on Affairs of their dread State.
More monſtrous, more abominable ſights
Than ever Fancy magnify'd in frights;
In their moſt execrable ſhapes were there
Diſcord, Revenge, and grinding Care,
Grief, Terrors, Furies, Horrors, and Deſpair:
A thouſand pale Diſtempers too appear,
A very ghaſtful Crew, and conſcious Fear,
With the bad pleaſures of the mind, brought up th'infernal rear.
With ſudden Trembling I was ſtruck;
But the bright Muſe with one immortal look
Could all the Pow'rs of Death controul,
And thro my Eyes dart Courage to my Soul.
Grim Death, the Gyant Terror roſe at laſt,
On all th' accurſt Divan a ghaſtful ſmile he caſt;
Thro all th' accurſt Divan a frightful murmur ran,
When thus their formidable King the great Conſult began.

V I.

Chief of the pow'rs which in theſe Manſions dwell,
Grief, *Fury*, *Diſcord*, and *thou* black *Deſpair*!
Ye *Fevers* of the fiery kind, and *thou* revenging *Care*!
Terrors and *Horrors*, Natives all of *Hell*!
Whom roaring in its fierceſt flames I found,
By cruel *Deſtiny* ſeverely bound
With Adamantine Chains,
Who at my inſtance were reliev'd;
And for my ſervice for a time repriev'd
From everlaſting pains!
Dire Spirits all! to my command conſign'd
T' obtain the Empire of the World, and to enſlave Mankind;
All ye who wrack the wretched limbs, and ye who plague [the mind!

Full Parliament of Gods thus call'd by fate,
In this ſtupendous council to debate
Th' important buſineſs of our mighty State!
From day they bring freſh tidings ev'ry hour,
That we're contemn'd there, and have loſt our pow'r.
We who the Conquerors of the world ſubdue,
Are we contemn'd? we who command ev'n you?
Will you no Zeal to ſerve your Monarch ſhow,
In juſt return for the vaſt debt you owe?
Know, if we periſh, you muſt ſurely fall,
And our Diſgrace reflects upon you all.

What do you ſtand unmov'd at theſe alarms?
And muſt we tamely fall? To arms, to arms,
By force our credit with the world reſtore,
E're we the King of Terrors are no more.

VII.

This ſaid, the Tyrant with a voice and look
Unutterably fell:
Then, bounding with a furious ſtart,
He whirl'd about a dreadful Dart,
With which the ground tremendouſly he ſtruck,
The ground ev'n to the center ſhook
And frighted all in Hell.
With horrid ſtrides he marching ſtorm'd;
The fierceſt Spirits round him ſtar'd,
And trembled as he ſtrode,
And all the others never dar'd
To view th' outragious God.
At laſt a Spectre dreadfully deformed,
Reſuming vigor, ſilence broke,
And to th' inexorable King the griefly Terror ſpoke.

VIII.

O thou who govern'ſt Land, and Air, and Main,
By Fate ſubjected to thy rigid Reign;
Where all that Mortals ſweet and loveſome ſee,
God has created purpoſely for thee;

For whom with one hand Time the Field of Nature ſows,
And with his other ſtill a bending Harveſt mows;
Thou whoſe impartial Scepter injures none,
The juſteſt Potentate that fills a Throne,
Supremely juſt and merciful alone:
Who ſtand'ſt with Arms extended to embrace
The Wretches that in thee their utmoſt refuge place;
And tam'ſt proud Monarchs with an Iron ſway,
Whom ſoon or late th' imperial Slaves obey:
What can the fearful ſounds we heard intend?
How ſhould thy formidable Empire end!
Is *Jove* about to rend the worlds high flaming wall
And cruſh thy Kingdoms with its hideous fall?
From what dire cauſe can thy Deſpondence ſpring,
While we are Terrors, thou ſhalt be our King.
Who dares rebellious Arms againſt thee take?
Ev'n we who terrify the World, at thy dread Anger ſhake.

IX.

This ſaid the Fantom with a diſmal ſound,
Confirm'd by thouſand hideous roars around,
Which from the vaulted Caverns horribly rebound.
Then ſilence thrice aloud was cry'd,
And the grim Monarch ſternly thus reply'd.
Aſpiring Miniſters of Fate!
High Officers of Deaths unbounded State!
In vain our pow'r with pompous words we grace,
One mortal all our glories will deface,

One

One mortal ev'ry moment dares, nay scores me to my face.
In Battels still heroically brave,
But Trumpets can giveCourage to a Slave.
Ev'n *Bouteville* could intrepid seem,
While mad *Bellona* in him rav'd;
But *William* still with insolence extream,
Ev'n in his cool and thoughtful hours,
Has all my Horrors, all my Pow'rs,
Deliberately brav'd.

X.

Ye Terrors, and ye Hosts of Horrors say,
For ye were by on *Landen*'s fatal day;
When Discord by her hellish Serpents stung
About the deadly Field in frightful postures flung;
Thro all her thousand Mouths ran roaring with the pain,
Foam'd at them all, and bled at all, and bellow'd o're the plain;
A day, like the last day, astonishingly dire,
When the sonorous Trumpet blew
And Ruine in a flaming Tempest flew,
And all the world appear'd on fire:
Did ought in *William* then that argued fear,
Nay ev'n that argued mortal man appear,
While for the freedom of the world he fought,
Was he not *William* still in voice, look, action, thought?
Did he not calmly brave the raving *French* engage,
And deal Destruction like a God without the help of rage?
Did he not, say, while ghastfully ye gaz'd

While

While Thunderbolts around him roar'd, and Lightning
(round him blaz'd,
Did he not providently ſcow'r the Plain,
Yet forcibly as Whirlwinds ſweep the Main?
Did he not, driving on, forecaſt, inſtruct, diſpoſe, ordain?
But what? The Hope of Conqueſt gave
That Godlike Spirit which could thus appear,
Cautious and provident as Fear,
And yet as Fury brave?
No; when at length, tho late, tho wondrous late,
Oppreſt by odds of numbers and of Fate,
His Prudence urg'd him loudly to retire,
Did he not ſtill appear the ſame,
Retreating greatly in tempeſtuous flame,
Which made us Gods the worth we hate admire;
Have ye forgot? In that ſtupendous hour
I charg'd ye all the Hero to aſſail,
And mingling with the ſtorm of Iron Hail
To preſs him with your utmoſt pow'r:
Y' obey'd; Th'event? Hell! How ye all miſtook!
For, ſeeing him behind his routed Rear
With ſuch a dauntleſs look appear,
The charge ye inſtantly forſook.
Returning, He the Conqueror was, ye ſwore;
Yes, Fools, o're us triumphant he was more;
T' himſelf he ow'd his Conqueſt, not, like *France*,
To the baſe odds of Numbers, and of Chance:
Storming I ſent you once again;
Aſham'd, enrag'd, and mad ye flew, and then

Ye pierc'd the very ſouls of all his weaker men:
Th' undaunted Hero mock'd your vain eſſay,
Th' undaunted Hero met you half the way.
For, marching o're the dying and the dead,
He, while the reſt ſecurely fled,
With the brave choſen few inſpir'd by him made head;
With ſuch divine aſſurance toward you rode,
Ye baſely from him flew, and trembling cry'd, *A God!*

XI.

Ye Pow'rs who fought to propagate my ſway,
Ye Gods who own Subjection to me, ſay,
Did ever he ſo much deſerve our hate?
Did ever he appear ſo truly great,
As in his loſs upon that dreadful day?
Did it not palpably appear,
That his great Mind was ſo averſe from fear,
That ſhould the World from off its Axle ruſh,
Torn off by *Jove*, on purpoſe that the Fall,
Should *William*'s mighty Soul apall,
Jove could not daunt him, he could only cruſh?
Why name I Fear? In his undaunted mein,
Was there the leaſt dejection ſeen?
Did he not perfectly diſdain
Of Fortune's malice barely to complain?
Did he not look, as who ſhould ſay,
'Tis true we've loſt th' uncertain day,
But we deſerv'd to win: 'Tis Fortune's blame

That

That we have loſt, then Fortunes be the ſhame;
Empire is hers, and Conqueſt, and Succeſs,
The greatneſs of my ſoul is mine, and that's above diſtreſs:
My very loſſes, greatly born, my glory ſhall dilate,
And ſhew the wondring World a mind that triumphs over Fate.

XII.

Thus he inſulted over us and ours,
And with his very looks blaſphem'd our idle pow'rs:
Which ſtill each hour he inſolently braves;
Nay, Thouſands ſpirited by him appear
Hourly victorious over fear,
Who ſhew'd before the minds of Slaves.
All *Europe* rouz'd reflects his noble fire,
Whoſe wondrous Influence, like the Sun's,
Thro diſtant Regions runs,
And does the World with Martial warmth inſpire:
Of vaſt Confederate members He, the Soul,
Unites the mighty parts, and animates the whole.
While here We, pleas'd to be contemn'd, can ſtay,
And howl our Triumphs out aloud,
Our Triumphs o're a worthleſs crowd,
He all the generous world ſeduces from our ſway.
Ye Terrors who your ſelves reſiſtleſs call,
One man buoys *Europe* up againſt you all:
Dread Spirits, whom mankind could tremble at before,
Go frighten Women now, and think of Men no more.

XIII.

Thus ended the tempeſtuous King, and now
He rowls his formidable Brow
Into a dreadful ſcowl,
While thrice Revenge his reſtleſs Subjects howl.
As when the Northern Tyrant of the Waves
Upon the Polar Main in black *September* raves,
The Billows, vex'd to Madneſs, roar,
And foaming ſcourge the gloomy diſmal ſhore,
While frantic Seas, with frightful fury rowl'd,
As they run madder, grow by Frenzy cold;
Till to prodigious Rocks congeal'd they ſtand,
And render hideous, *Zembla*'s horrid ſtrand:
So the dire Subjects of the Tyrant Death,
By the bleak fury of his ſtormy breath
Troubled, and into frantic motions caſt.
Fluctuating rowl'd, and foam'd, and roar'd, and bellow'd to the blaſt;
Till with exceſs of rage at laſt,
All became fixt againſt their will;
All ſtupidly benumm'd and ſtill
Were doubly ghaſtful grown,
And Horror in th' amazing height of all its Pomp was ſhown.
Diſcord, of all the crew the moſt accurſt,
From her lethargick plight recover'd firſt;
Grew mad afreſh, and with her reeking hands
From off her ſnaky Curls ſhe wrung the bloody Bands:

Then

Then terribly the baleful Hoſt ſurvey'd,
And to the formidable Monarch ſaid.

XIV.

Ruler of Kings, whom this great Court reveres,
Whom Hell affects, and Earth, and Ocean fears!
Canſt thou to me extend thy dread Deſpight?
Becauſe thy Terrors are contemn'd,
Muſt *Diſcord* be condemn'd?
Shall not the King of all the World do right?
To ſerve thee have I not attempted more
Than ever deſperate Fury dar'd before?
Has not my Spirit all the *Gauls* poſſeſt?
Has it not rowl'd in ev'ry eye, and rag'd in ev'ry breaſt?
Have I not looſen'd *Fury* from her Chain?
Who now flys roaring over Land and Main.
And art thou not thro me in dreadful progreſs ſeen,
Majeſtical with horrid Mien,
Stalking to new Deſtruction o're the Plain?
With a profuſer Purple pomp did never Monarch reign.
What if one Man contemns thy pow'r?
Is there a day? Is there an hour?
In which I fail to have recourſe
To all my skill, and all my force,
That hated Hero to undo?
Whom I with Treaſon, or with Rage, eternally purſue.
Can there be any one amongſt us all,
Whom it concerns, like me, to ſee him fall?

The reſt he ſlights, but me he loaths, deteſts,
And ventures Life and Crown t'expel me from above:
And in my room deſigns to fix in humane breaſts
Perpetual Concord, and Fraternal Love.
Soon ſhould he feel the vengeance of theſe hands,
But Heav'ns ſevere Commands,
And Fates immutable Decree withſtands.
But yet ſuppoſe this mortal Dart,
Were ev'n this moment plunging in his Heart;
Believe (I know him well) All-conquering Death!
He would inſult thee with his lateſt breath,
True: We ſhould triumph o're his mortal part;
Rare Conqueſt for our Univerſal King!
A Conqueſt which would Duſt to thy ſubjection bring,
While his aſpiring Soul to Heav'n its flight would wing.

XV.

O could'ſt thou make that tow'ring Soul deſcend,
Could but thy Terrors force that Godlike ſoul to bend;
Whoſe influence rowzes a degenerate Age,
Warms it to juſt Revenge and martial Rage;
And with exalted thoughts ev'n Kings inſpires,
And to magnanimous Acts the wondring Nations fires;
Which now for twenty rowling years has choſe
Still to be reſtleſs for the worlds repoſe:
And would its body for Mankind devove,
To ſtand the Victim of offended *Jove*;
If you this wondrous ſoul could move,

It might a Triumph prove
Deſerving of the loudeſt boaſt
Of thy great ſelf, and thy victorious Hoſt.
But to diſmay that dauntleſs Mind,
We muſt no vulgar method find:
For ſhould'ſt thou to his Face draw near,
And in thy moſt amazing ſhape appear,
Unterrify'd he would thy Front ſurvey,
Nay unconcern'd perhaps, and gay;
He knows his Soul is ſet above thy ſway,
And that ſecures him from ignoble Fear.
Fear often makes immortal ſouls vain Homage to thee pay:
But *William*'s looks from ſo ſublime a ſphere,
That while his Vertues there with Glory ſhine,
It can look down with ſcorn
On Life, on Fortune, and on Regal State,
But there are qualities ſo truly great,
As can ev'n Heav'n adorn.
Wiſdom and Vertue are divine
He thoſe ineſtimable knows;
To terrifie him then, aſſault him ev'n in thoſe,
Thoſe of his Queen are his, that lovely Queen,
Whom ſuch Perfections grace,
That her high Vertues, and her heavenly Mein,
Might make it be preſum'd,
His Godlike Genius had that ſhape aſſum'd,
T'aſſiſt him in his Royal place.
Attack but her, endanger her, and then
This Demi-God will ſhake like common men.

Theſe

These Spirits then will his great mind controul,
These Terrors with their plagues will pierce his Soul,
Grief will prevail, and anxious Care,
And baleful Horror and Despair;
Fear will be seen Triumphant in his eye,
His noble, his undaunted heart,
Will faint, will sink, will dye,
With apprehension of thy Dart;
And all whom that great Heart with Spirit can supply,
Sinking with him will own our awful pow'rs,
And then the Conquer'd World is ours.

XVI.

O did you all that Queens perfections know,
Had you approach'd her all like me,
She wou'd appear as Dangerous a Foe,
As worthy your Immortal Hate as He.
A Queen, the wonder of an envious Age,
Whom, that I may your potent rage
To her Destruction raise,
Thus with malicious justness let me praise.
If *William* can contemn frail breath
For Everlasting Fame,
She lives as undismaid, Victorious Death,
As if she never heard thy Name.
As one who climbs th' Ætherial cliff
Of *Atlas* or of *Teneriff*,
Secure in so sublime a Sphear,

Below

Below him ſees the Waves inſult the ſhore,
Below him ſees the Clouds their fury pour,
Nay and below him hears th' Almighty Thunderer roar,
While all around him's always calm, and all above him's always clear.
So on the loudeſt, fierceſt ſtorms of Fate;
Which threaten both her Life and State,
This Queen looks down from the prodigious height
Of her exalted ſoul,
Below her hears the Thundring roar, and ſees the lofty Billows rowl.

XVII.

And as not only Tempeſts never beat
Thoſe Mountain tops, but neither cold nor heat,
Afflict (deteſted place!) glad Nature there;
But Water, Earth, and temperate Air,
In my deſpight eternally agree,
Combin'd in triple league to put a ſtop to me;
And odoriferous breizes entertain
Perpetual Spring upon the Balmy Plain;
So on *Maria*'s lofty Mien,
As no rude paſſions in her mind have place,
No ſign of Fear, or Grief, or Rage was ever ſeen:
Maria keeps up eaſie ſtate,
In ſpight of me ſtill gayly great,
And cheerfully ſerene.
And, as theſe Spirits ſtill are beaten back,

As oft as *William* they attack,
Maria in their progress they decline,
And, as they pass, respect her form divine:
And Dangers, which the Hero ne're could fright,
The Heroine still opposes with delight.
When *Lewis* thunder'd on her *Southern* shore,
And made *Great Britain* tremble at the roar;
When thro it all the Loyal Blood ran cold,
And all my *British* Sons grew warm and bold,
While *William* on the *Boyne* was seen,
Victorious with a thoughtful Mien;
His charming Queen sustain'd her sinking Isle,
Sustain'd her sinking *Britain* with a smile;
His charming Queen could gaily wise appear,
And all things like avenging Heav'n dispose,
For the confusion of her *Gallick* Foes
Without perplexity or fear.
Her very Looks my *Brittish* Off-spring gain'd,
Her very Looks their Rage restrain'd;
Struck them with irresistable delight.
My *Brittish* Off-spring for a while turn'd loyal at that sight;
That sight my fury could so fast asswage,
Ev'n mine, whose Essence is all Rage,
That e're I had the pow'r to quit my station,
And fly for Preservation,
I grew (in vain infernal spight withstood)
Senseless satisfy'd, stupidly good,
And fear'd Annihilation.

XVIII.

Not the first Woman fear'd us less than she,
Before the mortal Taste
Of th' interdicted Tree,
Made thee great Master of the Vassal Ball,
High Independent Lord of all,
And Ocean, Land and Air thy mighty waste.
From Guilt and ev'ry Weakness clear,
From Dread of Danger free,
She lives as if her high desert exempted her from thee:
Nay more, so fast her Virtues rise,
Aspiring to their native Skies,
That I could almost fear,
That as one Woman by her Crime,
Involv'd succeeding Ages in her Fall,
And to thy boundless sway subjected all;
So the immortal Graces of her Mind,
~~Growing so fast, should rise in time~~
To that sublime Degree,
As to restore all human kind
To Immortality.

XIX.

Something divine adorns her Mind and Mien;
Mankind extols the King, the King admires the Queen:
The Queen whom Heav'n has form'd so truly great,

To

To keep the Kings aſpiring Mind within the reach of Fate.
That hour in which you pierce *Maria's* Heart,
William and *Europe* tremble at thy Dart:
That Blow will his undaunted *Genius* ſhake,
That will perhaps his matchleſs Spirit break;
That is th' extremeſt tryal we can make.
If then he ſinks not, *Jove* ſuſtains his mind
And he is certainly deſign'd,
To vindicate the Freedom of Mankind;
The great experiment then quickly try,
And let this good, this great *Maria* dye;
Take what ſhe has of thine, and let her Soul
Deſert her Lover for the Starry Pole.
She ſaid, and ſtrait the univerſal cry
Was, *Let this good, this great* Maria *dye.*
Trembling I waken'd with the mortal fright;
And all the ghaſtly ſhapes diſſolv'd to gloomy Night.

FINIS.